THE GREEN ROOM COMES BACK

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

THE green room, long absent from "back stage" in New York, is to be revived. Green rooms have been featured in old-time theaters in this city, such as Daly's, the Star, the Grand Opera House, the old Bowery (later the Thalia) and other playhouses. But as building space has increased in value and as costs of construction and theatrical production have kept pace with ground rent, theater builders have fallen into the habit of eliminating the lounging place of the payers and their friends. There is a green room at the Belasco, but it affords an exception among the newer theaters. Most actors to-day cheerfully admit they have never seen a green room.

Daly's green room, with all its associations for the reminiscent, went into oblivion with the old theater not many months ago. The historic green room at the Grand Opera House is now used by vaudeville players, but the pending sale of the theater was recently announced, with the intimation that the playhouse might not be used for entertainment purposes. Thus have the old green rooms been subject to one vicissitude after another, with managers disinclined to build any more, until along came Earl Carroll and put up the theater which bears his name. Mr. Carroll's theater is to be dedicated this month, and in it will be a green room which for spaciousness and beauty will quite outshine anything else of which there is official record.

Mr. Carroll's reasons for re-establishing the green room sound unique at this time when some managers who have been prominent in recent disagreements over wage questions and sundry other matters, seldom refer to actors except in uncomplimentary terms and would grow choleric at the mere thought of providing green rooms in which those merry plutocrats might count over the contents of their swollen pay envelopes.

"The actor," said Mr. Carroll, who looks boyishly young but who has had experience as actor, song-writer, librettist and playwright, "is entitled to certain considerations on his own account. You know the time is past when one builds a theater on an alley because that alley is a favorite resort of actors. The actor to-day, if you come to inquire, is pretty apt to have a bank account and a home of his own, and perhaps a motor car or two. He prizes the comforts of life. If he has the right sort of a workshop and a place where he can chat with his fellow actors and their friends it is all going to reflect in his work."

In Mr. Carroll's theater the green room can be entered from the stage and by a staircase leading from the dressing rooms. The chief ornament of this staircase will be a statue typifying Good Luck—something which actors are admittedly superstitious enough to appreciate. There will be a big fireplace, lounging nooks, a table and bookcases. The room will take a good deal of space, but it is not all that has been done "back stage" for the actor at the hands of Mr. Carroll.

The stars' dressing rooms, on opposite sides of the stage, have been extended into suites and will be on the stage level. The dressing rooms for the remainder of the company will be larger than those ordinarily provided. There will be mirrors on the stairs and the actors' personal baggage will be hoisted directly from the stage to the dressing rooms—

The green room will be revived in the new Earl Carroll Theater. Here is the fireplace for "the profesh"

a technical matter the importance of which may not be grasped at first by one outside the profession but which will carry deep meaning to anyone who has been a player.

Across the stage from the green room Mr. Carroll has provided a kitchen for cooking the meals which may figure in productions. An actor will not be expected to appear interested in food which may have been brought from a distant cafeteria. If the author of some future "Shore Acres" calls for a turkey dinner on the stage, the meal will come from the theater kitchen.

Mr. Carroll has by no means confined his innovations in theater design to the things which work out to the actors' personal benefit. For instance, there is the matter of lighting, which managers have experimented with until it would seem that there is nothing left to achieve. Mr. Carroll is to have his lighting effects under th control of on man—an organist whose tone effects are to be in illumination. The lights will be controlled by this individual, who will have a hooded position at the front of the stage in the place occupied by the prompter in grand opera. The entire scene will thus be under his vision exactly as the audience sees it, instead of from the wings. He will have under his hands all the switches that control the stage lighting effects.

"Here is an illustration of the working of the plan," said Mr. Carroll. "Imagine there is an interior setting and the maid, or somebody else on the stage, is supposed to turn on or shut off the light. As this is done on the stage ordinarily, an assistant is stationed in the wings watching the actor. When he sees the button pushed or the light cord pulled by the actor, the assistant in the wings signals to the electrician controlling the lights. Result—at least half a second lost time and an illusion spoiled. If the audience expresses its desire to smile at this unreal delay in the action of electric current it is because audiences in general have become used to such things. But the sense of annoyance is still there. With the lights under the immediate control of one person at the front of the stage, with his hand ready to duplicate the motion of the actor, there need be no delay when lights are to be switched off or on."

When one considers the annoyances resulting from delayed flashes of lightning and the failure of daylight to synchronize with the raising of the shade when the actor exclaims: "Ah! what a glorious flood of sunlight," he is prepared to admit off-hand that the idea of lighting, as Mr. Carroll has put it into effect in his new theater, is one of those simple things that somebody really should have thought of before.

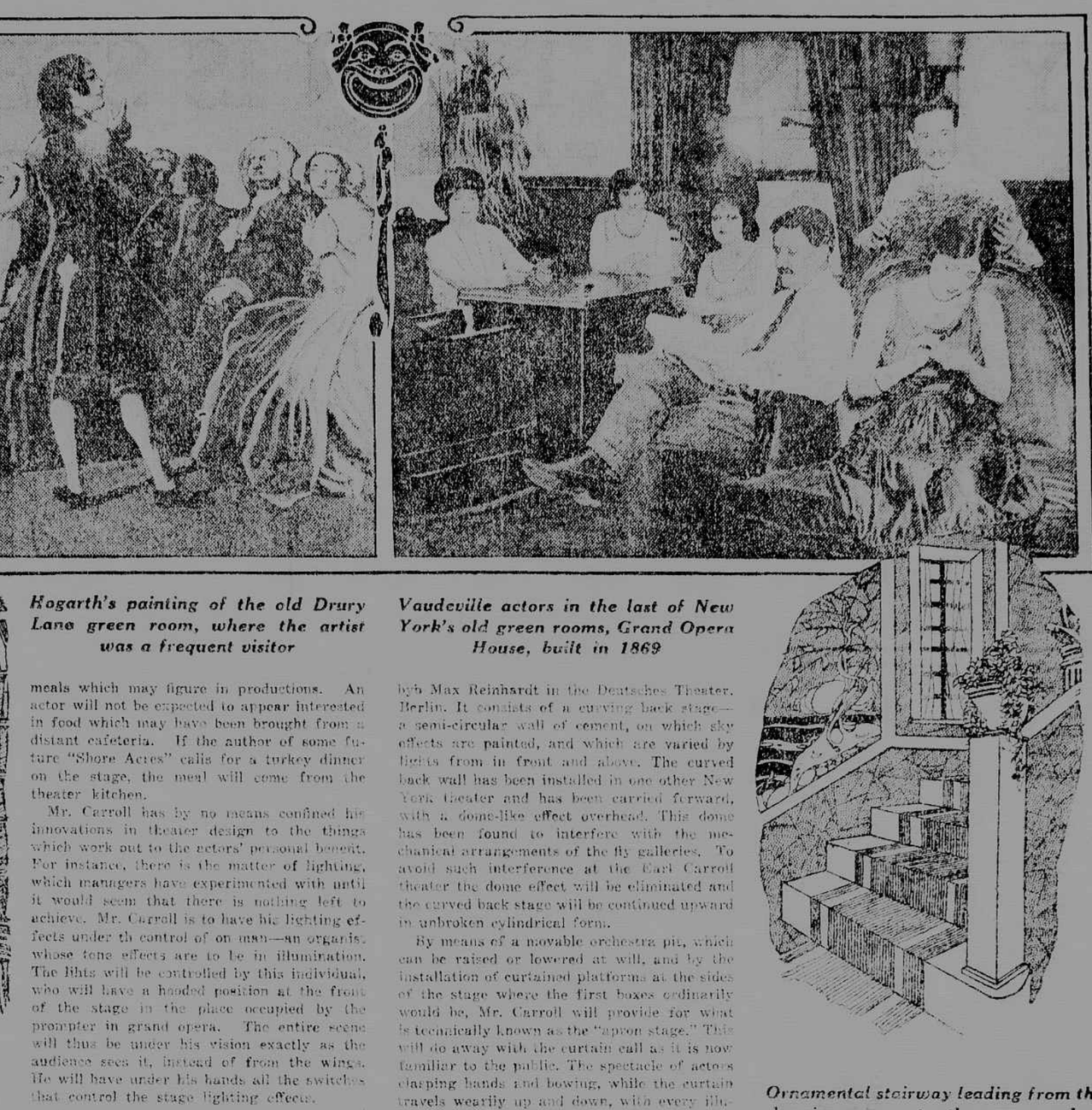
The effect of "permanent sky" will be secured at Mr. Carroll's theater by means of a curving back stage. This effect was introduced by Max Reinhardt in the Deutsches Theater, Berlin. It consists of a curving back stage—a semi-circular wall of cement, on which sky effects are painted, and which are varied by lights from in front and above. The curved back wall has been installed in one other New York theater and has been carried forward, with a dome-like effect overhead. This dome has been found to interfere with the mechanical arrangements of the fly galleries. To avoid such interference at the Earl Carroll theater the dome effect will be eliminated and the curved back stage will be continued upward in unbroken cylindrical form.

By means of a movable orchestra pit, which can be raised or lowered at will, and by the installation of curtained platforms at the sides of the stage where the first boxes ordinarily would be, Mr. Carroll will provide for what is technically known as the "apron stage." This will do away with the curtain call as it is now familiar to the public. The spectacle of actors clasping hands and bowing, while the curtain travels wearily up and down, with every illusion of the preceding scene spoiled and the performance delayed, does not appeal to Mr. Carroll as anything particularly desirable. Accordingly, where there is a curtain call at the Earl Carroll theater, the actors will step out upon the curtained platforms at the sides of the stage. Lights from the balcony will be thrown upon the players at the sides of the stage. In the meantime there will be no slowing down of the work of setting the stage for the next scene.

"I believe that the person who pays for a theater ticket is entitled to entertainment from the time he enters the playhouse," said Mr. Carroll, explaining why he constructed a movable orchestra pit. "He is entitled to music, and furthermore he is entitled to see the artists who may be providing the music. Consequently I have provided for an orchestra pit which can be raised between the acts and lowered, if desired, when the play is going on. I may not always have an orchestra. Perhaps the music will be furnished by one artist who will be paid as much as an entire orchestra would command, but in any event the audience will be privileged to see as well as hear."

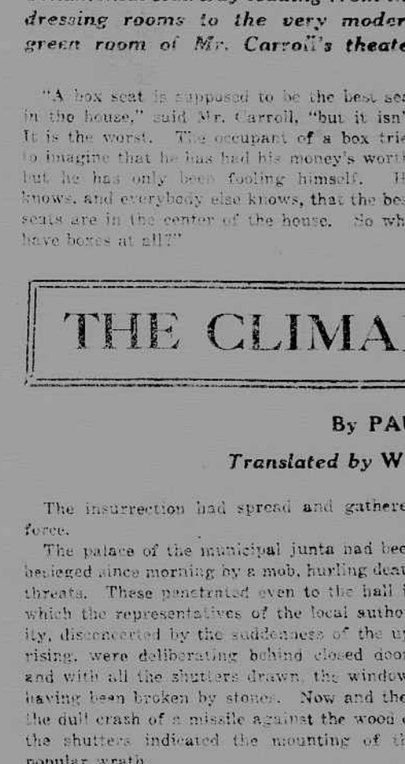
Among the minor innovations installed by Mr. Carroll will be a periscope device for viewing the audience from the wings, instead of through the usual peep-hole in the curtain.

As further proof that he is a man of original ideas, Mr. Carroll has done away with boxes in his theater.



Hogarth's painting of the old Drury Lane green room, where the artist was a frequent visitor

Vaudeville actors in the last of New York's old green rooms, Grand Opera House, built in 1869



Ornamental stairway leading from the dressing rooms to the very modern green room of Mr. Carroll's theater

"A box seat is supposed to be the best seat in the house," said Mr. Carroll, "but it isn't. It is the worst. The occupant of a box tries to imagine that he has had his money's worth, but he has only been fooling himself. He knows, and everybody else knows, that the best seats are in the center of the house. So why have boxes at all?"

Another question that has appealed to Mr. Carroll is: "Why not use the theater lobby for some purpose from which the general public will derive benefit?" Acting on this idea he plans to have the lobby of his theater utilized for public art exhibitions.

Mr. Carroll is the first New York manager to utilize so many advanced ideas in theater construction. These innovations have called for an unusual amount of space behind the curtain. The seating capacity of the theater will be 1,000.

Mr. Carroll's revival of the green room recalls the early traditions of the English stage. The green room derived its name, chroniclers agree, from the fact that it was carpeted in green material, probably baize, and most of the coverings of the furniture were green. The first green room was in the Covent Garden Theater. According to accounts written at that time, "it was carpeted and papered elegantly, with a handsome chandelier in the center, several globe lights at the sides, a comfortable divan in figured damask extending about the entire room, large pier glasses and mantel glasses on the walls and a full length mirror, so the actors could get necessary views of their costumes." In fact, the first point to be attended to on entering the green room was to see to one's attire and make-up. Conversation in the old green room "was interrupted by the shrill cries of the call boys making their rounds."

In the Covent Garden and Drury Lane theaters there were first and second green rooms. The first green room was for the leading actors and actresses and the second was for the corps de ballet and other "little people" of the cast, except the principal dancers, who had the privileges of the first green room.

The green rooms were the favorite lounging places of artists, authors and musicians. Hogarth, in picking up his impressions of old London, did not forget the green room. One of his most famous paintings is a scene in the Drury Lane green room.

In New York few of the green rooms of the old-time theaters were more surrounded with romance than that of the Grand Opera House at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. This is one of the few green rooms now in existence. The theater was built in 1869 by Morris Pike and was bought uncompleted by Jay Gould and James Fisk, who lavished money upon it. The office building part of the theater was the headquarters of the Erie Railroad, and the carved doors to-day bear the monogram "E. R. R." Vast private boxes were built for Mr. Gould and Mr. Fisk. From these boxes there was a private passageway to the street. A secret stairway led from the theater to the house built in the middle of the block for Josie Mansfield, the actress over whom "Jim" Fisk was shot by "Ed" Stokes in 1871. Comic opera was produced at the Grand Opera House, but, with Miss Mansfield as the star, on the death of Fisk, Augustin Daly took the lease and used the theater for spectacular plays. In 1875 the theater became a "road company house." Augustus Pitou took the management, and the theater saw long runs by such stars as W. J. Scanlon and Chauncey Olcott. John H. Springer and Cohan & Harris also had the management before the theater became part of the "out-of-town circuit" of Klaw & Erlanger. In 1915 the theater became a burlesque house, changing to vaudeville later and then to a combination of motion pictures and vaudeville.

A PREMIER IN THE ROUGH

By WILBUR FORREST

PARIS.

NOW that Raymond Poincare, France's new Prime Minister, has announced his antipathy for Allied supreme councils, the most recent gathering of its kind at Cannes, in the Riviera, becomes infinitely more famous.

It was Lloyd George's original idea that the January council should meet in Cannes, on the blue waters of the French Mediterranean. The British Premier's thoughts probably wandered in the direction of golf when he made the suggestion to Premier Briand in London during the December parley between the two statesmen. Lloyd George was going to Cannes anyway for a rest and golf, and M. Briand was agreeable, though he had more interest in affairs of state than golf.

What neither statesman visualized in advance was a jazz band. And possibly never before in human history has a jazz band contributed to the downfall of a ministry. Golf, likewise, has been accused of many things, but never once of having a malign influence on the conduct of governments.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and, to use the modern adaptation of the term, both the Roman and Greek empires, not to mention a few before them, fell because of too much jazz during government hours. But never, even in these days of wireless telegraphy and telephony, have the syncopated vibrations of a dozen musical instruments reached out over 500 miles slowly but surely to shake a ministry from its foundations.

If there can be any doubt that a band of Franco-Italian musicians holding forth in the tearooms of the Carlton Hotel, in Cannes, did not contribute to the downfall of the Paris ministry of Premier Aristide Briand, this doubt is not apparent in Paris. In Paris, where ministries are made and broken, there is still the adamant conviction that Supreme Councils held within earshot of jazz are only less dignified than ministerial golf, especially when the Premier of France is roundly beaten by the Prime Minister of England.

Lloyd George is popularly credited in France as the holder of the heavyweight political championship of Europe, if not the world. Even before M. Briand went to the French Riviera to match his political wits against those of the doughty little Welshman there were discontent and grave misgivings in Paris political circles. When the humming telegraph wires leading from the Mediterranean winter resort to the freezing atmosphere of Paris began to disclose that a jazz band was the main attraction every afternoon in the big hotel which served as headquarters for M. Briand and the French delegation the discontent became aggravated. Then after Paris heard that M. Briand and Mr. Lloyd George were negotiating a Franco-British treaty virtually under the quickening impulses of this syncopated atmosphere Paris political suspicion began to run rampant.

But the crowning blow was golf. One sunny afternoon, after the stress of deep inter-Allied negotiations relative to Germany's ability and inability to pay reparation debts, Lloyd George rolled down from the luxurious Villa Valetta, on the palm-dotted hill behind the town, to invite the French Premier for a little game of golf. Down into the jazz-polluted atmosphere, Paris heard, the British Premier came to make his nefarious proposition. He not only invited Premier Briand to cross putters with him on a nearby course the following morning, but included Premier Bonomi of Italy and Signor de le Torretta, the Italian Foreign Minister.

Paris heard of this Lloyd George plot. Would Briand accept? He would—and did.

Paris political circles had their emissaries in the gallery the following morning. A calcium sun bathed the links almost to the stage of blue glasses. Some of the emissaries wore them. Lloyd George grasped his mighty driver and swung. The little white ball performed a beautiful arc and sped on in giant bounds toward the distant green. The little Welshman stepped back. It was France's turn to drive.

To Lloyd George, perhaps, it was Briand's turn to drive, but to the emissaries of the anti-Briand press of Paris it was France's turn. To them the honor of France was at stake. Baited breath.

Premier Briand lacked an air of confidence as a caddy stooped to form the little cone of sand and perched the ball on its needle-like summit. But Briand was calm. There was a stillness in the brilliantly sunlit air. The gallery—or the political contingent of it—was holding its breath. To the casual observer Briand seemed to grasp his driver with an extremely un-Vardonlike grip. In face, his hold on the supple shaft was too low and his stance seemed something not to be desired. But the gallery, that suspicious galaxy of breath-holders, gave no sign. It simply held its breath and waited.

Zip! A swing that would have turned Bambino Ruth at least an olive green with envy followed. The small white sphere responded with a corkscrew spin and then zigzagged crazily to the right and toward the rough. The gallery released its breath in a series of audible snorts. Premier Briand followed with a passable drive, and Signor de la Torretta upheld the honor of Italy.

When the ministerial principals had advanced not many steps toward the first green the gallery had perceptibly thinned. Most of it was on its way back to Cannes and the tele-

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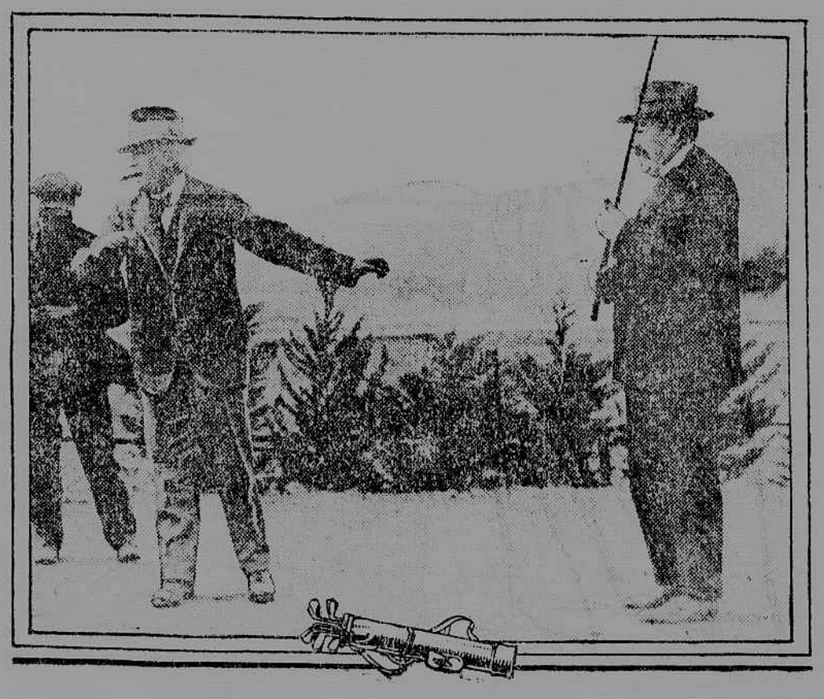

Telling of that momentous golf match at Cannes, The Tribune's correspondent writes that Briand's first drive "zigzagged crazily toward the rough." The camera disputes this, showing the ball undisturbed, and Lloyd George politely looking the other way

THE CLIMAX OF TERROR

By PAUL GINISTY

Translated by WILLIAM L. McPERSON

The insurrection had spread and gathered force.

The palace of the municipal junta had been besieged since morning by a mob, hurling death threats. These penetrated even to the hall in which the representatives of the local authority, disconcerted by the suddenness of the uprising, were deliberating behind closed doors and with all the shutters drawn, the windows having been broken by stones. Now and then the dull crash of a missile against the wood of the shutters indicated the mounting of the popular wrath.

Because of the semi-darkness they had lighted candles, which were now burning low, the wax running down on the green table cover.

They could hear the rumblings of the tumult outside, coming, as it seemed, from all parts of the city. Inside there were moments, now and then, of frightened silence.

The alcalde, a little old man with big white mustachios and a rubicund face, sat crumpled up in his chair, and for the hundredth time repeated, almost mechanically: "There were no signs of it. There were no signs of it."

The members of the Ayuntamiento, ignoring their chief, gathered about the civil governor, Don Jacinto Ortiz, who, run to by all since the commencement of the revolt, had been the soul of the resistance to it. But all the measures which he could take to suppress it had failed.

He was a handsome man of forty years. His face, a little dead in color, was lighted up by his flashing eyes. He walked to and fro in the room, occasionally watching through the shutter slats the crowd in the plaza below. He was the only one who had completely kept his nerve.

A little while before had the mob tried to break into the palace. The heavy doors had held, but they would inevitably yield under a new assault. And then!

He said very calmly:

"The reinforcements we expected haven't arrived. The mob must have cut the telegraph wires."

"What shall we do?" they asked him.

Don Jacinto Ortiz made a gesture which [illegible]

"We must trust in God!"

[illegible] the city functionaries and the thirty or more subordinates gathered in the hall became panic-stricken. They knew that all that exits from the building were sealed—that they were powerless to do anything or to decide anything.

Some of them had kept their balance so long as they had cherished the hope of a prompt deliverance. Now they had abandoned hope and no longer concealed their terror.

They entered another room, facing an inner court. But the tumult pursued them. Shouts now mingled with the mob's clamors. They heard a bomb explode against the outer wall.

"We are lost!" groaned the Alcalde.

"We are," said Jacinto Ortiz coldly, "except for some miracle."

They approached him, surrounded him.

"You are in command here," said one of the members of the junta. "Find some way to save us."

Jacinto Ortitz shrugged his shoulders. He had exhausted all the combinations which would have permitted him—since there was no longer any thought of quelling the insurrection—at least to save the lives of his companions.

One of them mounted to the roof, whence he could view the city. He came back with worse news still.

"The railway station is on fire. Even if the troops arrive they will have to detrain some distance out."

The last chance of deliverance vanished.

All eyes turned anxiously to Jacinto Ortiz. They begged him; they implored him. They demanded of him some happy inspiration, offering a means, however hazardous, of escaping the catastrophe.

A disdainful smile framed itself on his lips. They saw it, and thought that it reflected an idea which had come to him.

With a strange, almost mocking, expression he said:

"Perhaps there is still a way. But who of you will volunteer to carry this letter? Who will have the courage to deliver it to its address, in spite of all obstacles? It is evident that the first man who attempts to leave the building will run the risk of being massacred before he gets very far." . . .

There was an embarrassed silence. Then one of the councilors emitted an opinion.

"There is a gendarme here." . . .

"The poor devil has been maltreated enough this morning," answered Oritz. "He was nearly stoned to death. He has no strength left."

They didn't reply at once. Presently another councillor, sure of being sustained by his colleagues, put forward the suggestion:

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